

STAVIATEURS

COLLEGE

JOURNAL

BOURBONNAIS GROVE

KANKAKEE COUNTY ILLINOIS

VOL VII

SEPTEMBER 1890

No 16

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES

INDIANA, ILLINOIS &amp; IOWA.

East.		West
2.30 P. M.	Mixed.....	11.30 A. M.
11.10 A. M.	3.55 P. M. Freight.....	1.30 P. M.

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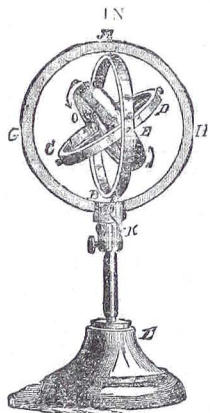
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# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL VII

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. September, 1890.

No 16

## LAI'D TO REST.



Brother J. B. Bernard

"Earth, let thy softest mantle rest  
On this worn child to thee returning  
Whose youth was nurtured at thy breast  
Who loved thee with such tender yearning  
He knew thy fields and woodland ways  
And deemed thy humblest son his brother—  
Asleep beyond our praise or blame  
We yield him back—oh gentle mother."

Nature seemed dressed in her most beautiful robes, the birds seemed to pour forth their grandest, though saddest strains—earth seemed more than earth, so solemn the scenes and soft the whisperings of balmy breezes on the afternoon of Monday, August 25th. Though the day was all that beauty could make it—it was the saddest in the history of our college. Cold and dis-

mal seemed the classic halls of St. Viateur's, happiness and joy had given place to sorrow and grief—silence reigned unbroken, except by sobs coming from grieved souls—for all knew too well that our dear kind Brother Bernard was no more.

For some few years he had been troubled with asthma. Having consulted the best physicians he found no relief yet all hoped the awful disease would lose its grasp and no one, not even his nearest friends, thought for an instant that his life would so soon be at an end. The disease still clung to his wasted form—his step became unsteady but although his face was thin and white, his eyes lost not their luster nor his lips their sweet smile. Bearing his sickness with meekness and patience he still trod the paths of life but; a change for the worse was steadily taking place and soon consumption had her deal with him. Wearied of a bed of sickness and almost tired of life yet happy in the love of his God and the hope of doing good he lived until despair of his recovery seized the hearts of his fellow brothers and on the sad afternoon of August 25th, death called her own and the soul of Brother Bernard winged its flight to God.

Though he had suffered much, death came, as gentle sleep steals on a weary child—after receiving the last sacraments of our Mother Church, those sweet consolations of our holy religion, and being surrounded by his comforters, his fellow brothers in religion—by all that esteemed and loved him—he slept as a father in the midst of his children—earth was no more to him, Heaven was his own.

The funeral took place on the following Thursday afternoon from the church of the Maternity: where Solemn High Mass was said for the repose of his soul: Very Rev. C. Fournier C. S. V. was celebrant, assisted by Rev. F. X. Choinard B. S. V. as Deacon and M. J. Marsile C. S. V. as Subdeacon. Rev. Fathers Le Vasseur D. D. J. Laberge D. D. J. Paradis, J. P. Dore, F. Perry, J. Labrie, and M. A. Dooling were present at the ceremony. Few that knew Brother could restrain the tears that flowed unbidden.

The funeral began to move towards the cemetery on the banks of the beautiful Kankakee where the remains was laid to rest by the side of his fellow brother in re-



ligion, Brother Guay, who died some years ago.

A vast concourse of people joined in the procession — including a large number of clergy, relatives and friends.

Brother Bernard was born at Belœil Canada November 18th 1832. He entered the novitiate at Joliette Can. April 30th 1861; took the religious habit Sept. 1861: made his first vows Aug. 1862, and pronounced his perpetual vows Aug. 10, 1867, and was made a Major Dec. 21 1861. Shortly after his religious profession he started for Bourbonnais, and arrived here September the 6th. in the year 1865 Like a true disciple of St. Viateur, he began the work of building a parochial school, which now stands as our present refectory. Here he began the labor of his life — to teach the youth to love first his God, next his country and then his fellow man and what a delightful task — to build wondrous thoughts in little minds; to put determination, spirit and purpose in glowing hearts; and pour instruction into young souls. He was accompanied in his new field by Very Rev. P. Beaudoin, C.S.V., now pastor at Bourbonnais and Brother Martel, who is at present director of the college at St. Timothé, Canada, — these were the three great founders of the present college.

Brother Bernard taught until Brother Martel left in 1871, when he became Treasurer at the college which position he held till his death. During the twenty-five years of his life in Bourbonnais he saw the humble parochial school, changed in 1869, into a much larger building of to-day. But these were not the last glories he was to witness. In 1874, he superintended the building of another large structure on the right of the college proper; finally, the last addition which was the crowning work, to which he lent his hand—the Roy Memorial Chapel, the foundation of which was laid in 1888. He spent his whole life in devotedness to the Institution—not in easy pastime. He was always a kind father to the students—ever ready to give them a helping hand, a smile of encouragement or a word of advice. That they in turn, did respect his silvered locks and truly loved him as a father is only too evident from the many sad faces that gaze at an empty arm chair in the office. None of them will forget him. Every man was a brother; every youth, a son to him. Always humble, ready to sit on the lowest stool, — every-thing was good enough for him. His soul was illumined with all virtues that can adorn the heart of our imperfect nature — purity goodness, and unsullied truth were the jewels brightest in the crown of his soul. Bro. Bernard, at his death, was 58 years of age and was the first of the three founders of the college.

May he rest in peace.

## A LETTER FROM THE ROCKIES.

A few words about Clear Creek Canyon — Some min towns — Idaho Springs — Georgetown — Silver Plume — The Beau knot Loop—

Dear Journal —

If I were to start out in deadly earnest to give extensive descriptions of all the beauties of the Rocky Mountain Scenery, my letter would assume the appearance described by someone as being of the "four-adjectives-to-one-noun" style of composition; this I know would be very tiresome for your readers, and it would soon weary me digging out that proportion of qualifying words every time I chose to mention a "person, place, or thing." Moreover I must try and keep myself within reasonable bounds, so as not to wear out my welcome. I should feel very badly indeed, if I were to wear you out with one letter. So we will start out with the distinct understanding that I am to be brief.

In the first place, dear Journal, let us you imagine personified; a very easy feat, and vastly more convenient for me.

Have you ever seen the Mountains? Living as you do on the great, flat, boundless prairie, Have you any idea of those vast balks of earth and rock called mountains? Oh, they are grand! As you plunge into the great canyon,—for you ascend mountains by valleys, it seems strange but it is so,—you are lost in a marvel of wonder at the perpendicular precipices as they rise hundreds and hundreds of feet above you—old enough to be thrice the great-grand parents of the Pyramids, ten times as imposing and impressive is the *concordia discors* of these rugged walls of nature's masonry. You wind and turn — let us suppose you are on the train in Clear Creek Canyon — with every wild turn of the mandering mountain torrent. It seems to me it must have been on one of these mountain trains that that brilliant wit, whoever he was, originated the joke — let us speak of it with reverence becoming its age—about reaching out from the hind ear and shaking hands with the engineer. The curves are so abrupt that one could come pretty near it — if the mountain you were turning were not in the way, and your arm was long enough.

And, oh!, the beauties that these turns reveals New pictures spring up before you every turn. Now it is a bold cataract, tossing the foaming waters down its long height in a maddening roar; now it is merely a moment's peep of a snowy crest through a chance opening; again it is our imagination called to picture out animals and



birds and towns on some great boulder's rigged face much after the fashion of children tracing out imaginary scenes on the frosted panes on a winter morning.

The train rustles over a bridge and shuffles across another, and you are kept hopping—jumping-jack-like—from one side of the car to the other in a fever of excitement expectation and admiration. Recollect we are in Clear Creek Canyon, though what I have said is characteristic of pretty nearly all mountain scenery. After crossing a few more bridges and rounding a few more curves, we notice the canyon widens from a gorge into a sort of imitation valley, then into a real one, for the mountain sides recede omit gradually, and after a few sharp buffs from the iron steed, we arrive at the first point of any importance up the canyon—Idaho Springs.

I will tell you in a few words about this little place and save you the trouble of reading up your guide book. About two thousand souls claim this village as their home. Aside from the merchants the inhabitants are mostly miners. As you observe from the train the mountains about are superb—on the north is Bellevue Peak from whose summit you can see Denver with a field-glass. Let us cross to the other side of the train and on the South we see Flirtation Peak, Mount Santa Fé, and up Soda Canyon, apparently about two miles off but in reality thirteen so deceptive is the clear atmosphere, we see three peaks very close together, and one just a little taller than the others, Old Chief, Old Square, and Little Pappoose.

Clear Creek—very muddy here in spite of its name—tosses along between the mountain side and the town, undisputed in its course save by the immense boulders ten and twenty feet high which rise out of its bed. A valley such as the canyon widens into at Idaho Springs is considered a rare sight for a mountain town but you will be surprised when I tell you it is about two and a half squares wide and about three quarters of a mile long.

The people here are an order-loving, order keeping set and from their secluded out-of-the-way home could teach many a lesson of municipal deportment to their brothers of the cultured East. Here are found bubbling from the base of Santa Fé hot soda springs of great curative power and frequented by hundred of tourists and invalids.

Let us hurry up the canyon for there is more to be seen. Same creek, quite as many bridges, and in a twinkling we arrive at Georgetown. It is in nearly every respect the double of Idaho Springs.

We have not time to stop only to take on and let off a few passengers for we are about to go over the "Loop." The Loop, which you have no doubt read of in your guide-books and railway folders (if you have a U. P.

folder), the Loop about which your friends have talked to you and cajoled you, until you are—at least I was—quite prepared to be disappointed. Are you disappointed? Far from it. You admire, you wonder, you are amazed, and declare that never was there such a combination of natural beauties and marvelous feats of engineering.

But when I pin myself down to the task of giving you an intelligent idea on paper of this paragon, I sigh and feel very much as the engineer must have felt when he first looked up the valley where he was to build the great beau-knot Loop and saw the task he had before him.

On leaving Georgetown the train whizzes through a very narrow opening, a natural gateway, into a beautiful park. At the other end of the valley is the only egress there-from.

The grade, in a comparatively straight line from one gateway to another, is so steep that it actually baffles those mountain engineers. But it would have been very un-American to have stopped in the face of difficulty, that is just the place to go a head. So the Loop was constructed, the end being to gain the altitude too a straight line, by a variety of curves. On entering the valley the train steers off to the left for a couple of hundred feet, thence it turns to the right, describes a complete circle, *crossing itself* near the mouth of the valley on a high bridge—just where it entered, but 200 feet higher! That circle and crossing properly constitute the Loop but the train steams on first on one side of the valley, up overwhelming grades, back and over, over and back, until the second gateway has been gained. We gaze back over the valley, down hundreds of feet, and away below us through the first gateway we see Georgetown. Oh, it is a famous picture!

I'll declare my paper is giving out. But it is not as distressing as it might be for I was just about to finish. There is not much of special interest after the Loop. We pass Silver Plume, a little mining camp and traveling on for eleven miles through mountains of undiminished proportions, we arrive at the end of the road—Greymount. Here you are at the foot of Grey's Peak, 14,341, feet higher even than old Pike.

I will bid good-bye for this time with the hope that my few words will interest your readers and stimulate an appetite for more.

Mr. Paul Wilstach.

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#### THE NECESSITY OF REFORM.

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Every student in Roman History will remember the shock he experienced upon learning that the Roman



Empire was sold at the block to the highest bidder. He is convinced that this is the lowest depth of degradation to which the human race can descend, but is he right in this opinion? Let him look at the present political state of our own country, and he will find a condition of affairs far outshading the national auction of Rome.

After almost every election held in this country, accounts are brought from various parts of the republic, of election frauds, bribery, and all kinds of illegalities possible. We find these abuses in the municipal, state and even national elections, but the climax is reached when we find that the office of U. S. Senator, whose election was placed in the hands of state legislators, in order that the choice of that body might be made with fore-thought, has been purchased upon at least two or three occasions during as many years.

It is a fact denied by neither of the great political parties and deplored equally by the upright members of both, that state legislators have been bribed by aspiring, but inefficient capitalists, thereby giving to the latter a voice in a body, in whose hands lies the power of deciding questions upon which the future glory, and indeed, the future existence of this republic depends.

Is the sale of an ancient and to some degree an uncivilized empire, a comparison to this contemptible sale of the grandest and most enlightened Republic on earth?

Surely some means must be taken to prevent our backward march, for if we are to judge the future by the past, we can see no other result coming from these abuses, but similar ones to those which befell the old Republic of Rome. Many ways have been suggested for bringing about reforms, such as changing the system of ballot, but these would have little or no effect. One especially should be mentioned, and that is the Force Bill now before Congress, which is a good example of the cure being worse than the disease: it takes away directly, many of the liberties which the present corruptions only tend to take away.

The question then comes what method can be adopted in order that we may have a pure ballot. This question is easily solved. If we place our hope in the coming generation and give ourselves some grounds for this hope by giving to all a practical Christian as well as a profane education, thus teaching all the way to distinguish between right and wrong and giving to them a high motive for doing right, the much desired result will have been attained, and the government called by Abraham Lincoln "a government of the people for the people, and by the people" shall indeed be destined to be a lasting one.

## DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM.

Rev. Fr. Menard Lake Linden Mich. sent the following:

A piece of Birchwood grown in the form of a heart near Lake Lebel Keweenaw Point, Lake Linden. in '88.

Indian War hatchet found in '77, used by the Winnebagoes in Wis.

Petrified wood found on the Brulé river by Fr. Menard in '78.

Petrified bees' nest found on the Menominee river by Fr. Menard.

Petrified moss found on Duck creek, Wis. This creek has still power of petrifying objects placed in its water.

Hickory nuts firmly imbedded in lime stone formation, found on Mr. Lulonde's land, Brown Co. Wis. Several specimens of copper and silver ores.

\* \*

Mr. Paul Wilsch, Lafayette, Ind, copper ores Galeana, Silver and several specimens of exquisite Quartz crystals, all from Rocky Mts.

\* \*

Mr. D. McEachen, Duluth Minn. Silver ore from Silver Islet Lake Superior, Moss from Lester, Pak, Duluth. Buckeye agate from Agate Bay, Lake Superior. Silver and lead from McEachen mine, Black Bay, Lake Superior.

\* \*

Rev. M. J. Meehan C. S. V., Utica Ill. several beautiful petrifications of plants, etc.

Thanks kind donors.

## MILITARY

- Jay
- Will
- Command;
- But George—
- Has the Majority.
- Six foot three
- Will be the limit.
- Mac wants an office.
- The bugle is back;
- So is the Bugler.
- There are many new officers this year.
- The new uniforms will be here for St. Viators Day.
- The Battalion was regularly organized Sept. 12th, Col. J. J. Condon. commanding.
- Capt. George McCann, of Co A. was promoted to



# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. III.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. SEPTEMBRE, 1890.

No 10.

## LE PSAUME DE LA VIE

Oh! ne ne dites plus que la vie est un rêve,  
Une ombre qui s'enfuit et flotte sous nos pas;  
C'est le temps de la lutte, et si rien ne s'achève,  
L'éternel avenir a son germe ici-bas.

La vie est un combat, la vie est une arène,  
Où le devoir grandit du triomphe obtenu;  
C'est le sentier qui monte, et pas à pas nous mène  
Au sommet d'où la vue embrasse l'inconnu.

Ame, souffle divin, captive frémissante,  
Toi, dont l'aile meurtrie usera sa prison,  
Celui qui t'a créée, immortelle et vivante,  
Te fit libre et t'ouvrit un immense horizon.

Pour l'homme, né de Dieu, rayon de sa pensée  
Le repos, c'est l'oubli; le sommeil c'est la mort.  
Souviens-toi, fils du ciel, qu'immobile et glacée,  
La tombe est un passage, elle n'est pas un port.

Marche! et que chaque jour te trouve, à son aurore,  
Plus près du but sacré, le flambeau dans la main.  
Agis, le temps est court, il se hâte et dévore  
Ce qui n'est pas réel, immortel et divin.

Que ton pied sur le sol laisse une noble empreinte,  
Et peut-être, suivant tes sentiers après toi,  
Quelque esprit agité par le doute et la crainte  
Retrouvera l'espoir, le courage et la foi.

Que jamais le regret, la crainte ou l'espérance,  
La joie ou la douleur ne retardent tes pas!  
N'entends-tu pas ton cœur qui bat dans le silence?  
Marche! il n'est rien pour lui d'assez grand ici-bas!

Laisse au vague avenir ses lointaines promesses  
Au stérile passé son sourire d'adieu!  
Bannis les rêves d'or et les molles tristesses,  
Le présent est à toi, mais le reste est à Dieu!

A Dieu ce passé mort qu'il répare et pardonne,  
A Dieu cet avenir que lui seul a scruté!  
A nous l'heure qui fuit aussitôt qu'elle sonne,

Mais qui contient l'éternité!

*Imité de LONGFELLOW.*

SALUT!

Avec l'année 1890, *Le Cercle Français* fait de nouveau son apparition. Il accompagne son frère, *Le Journal* et son but, comme par le passé, sera de faire connaître la langue française, surtout aux élèves qui l'ont apprise sur les genoux de leurs mères.

La France par ses génies a imposé sa langue à l'Europe et aujourd'hui si, au milieu de ses défaites, elle commande encore, c'est par la puissance de ses écrivains, dont les œuvres sont traduites dans tous les idiomes, dont les idées gouvernent le monde. Les lettres sont les derniers vestiges de la grandeur de la France.

Si la littérature française a tant d'attrait pour les étrangers, à combien plus forte raison pour nous, à qui elle rappelle tous les charmes du foyer, tout un passé de gloire. Quoique la langue française ne nous soit pas indispensable en ce pays, c'est un luxe dont



nous ne pouvons nous passer. Il nous coûte si peu et nous vaut tant. Il nous met entre les mains la clef de trésors littéraires inestimables et nous sert d'interprète auprès d'un million de compatriotes répandus dans ce pays et religieusement attachés aux traditions de leurs pères.

Le Gouverneur Oglesby disait ici, lors de sa dernière visite, qu'il n'avait pas étudié le français, tant il était persuadé que l'on ne parlerait bientôt que l'anglais. Pourtant on parle encore le français, ajoutait-il, et, son dernier jour paraît bien éloigné. Et quand-même il y aurait peu d'espoir de le voir durer toujours, c'est notre devoir de l'aimer plus que jamais, non il est vrai, à l'exclusion de la langue anglaise qui est celle de notre patrie adoptive. Cependant les conditions particulières de notre nationalité aux Etats-Unis nous imposent l'obligation de ne pas perdre notre langue. Elle conservera à la foi une foule d'émigrés qui nous arrivent tous les jours et permettra que la transition de l'église française à l'église anglaise se fasse insensiblement et sous la perte des traditions religieuses. Quel service l'attachement à notre langue pourra rendre ainsi à l'Eglise, cette mère qui pleure tant d'apostasies sur la terre d'Amérique!

LUA.

## LA RENTRÉE DES ÉLÈVES.

L'ouverture des classes est toujours une date solennelle dans l'année. C'est un spectacle touchant de voir accourir la jeunesse vers les écoles. Ne ressemble-t-elle pas à l'abeille qui rentre à la ruche pour remplir ses rayons de miel? Oui! dans ces sanctuaires des lettres les jeunes intelligences vont s'enrichir des trésors de la science, goûter les incomparables délices de l'esprit.

L'heure est sonnée! L'enfant embrasse sa mère en essuyant une larme; il jette un dernier regard vers la maison paternelle où il a passé les deux beaux mois de la vacance et dirige ses pas vers un autre asile. Là l'attendent ses maîtres et de nombreux amis! Des sourires bien doux, d'affectueuses paroles, de chaudes poignées de main saluent son arrivée.

Suivez-le: il est partout; il veut revoir à la fois tous les lieux qu'il avait laissés, la chapelle où bien souvent il a prié, le dortoir avec ses longues rangées de lits blancs, la cour dont le tapis vert a grandi, mais qui s'usera sous ses joyeux ébats. Chaque salle, chaque meuble, un coin presque oublié, un arbre perdu là-bas:

tout prend des traits connus et éveille dans son âme mille souvenirs.

L'élève qui n'est encore qu'à son début ne rencontre aucun visage qui lui soit familier; partout des étrangers et des lieux étranges; mais les connaissances se font vite: les conversations s'engagent aisément; des figures sympathiques accueillent les nouveau-venus et ainsi se formeront des amitiés que rien ensuite ne pourra détruire.

Bientôt tous le monde est à l'œuvre; les classes se remplissent: il y a là tous les types, depuis l'élève qui est suspendu aux lèvres du maître jusqu'à celui qui baille aux corneilles, des sages et des espiègles, des ambitieux et des indifférents, des Bossuets, des Racines, des Napoléons, l'avenir de la patrie et de l'Eglise! Ah! oui, il y a des noms obscurs, mais qui un jour seront peut-être immortels. Combien qui ont ainsi commencé sur les bancs d'une école et qui ont ensuite atteint les plus hauts sommets de la gloire! Un pareil sort est bien propre à tenter le jeune étudiant et à l'encourager dans ses labeurs. Aujourd'hui plus que jamais l'instruction est nécessaire. Le sceptre appartiendra aux rois de l'intelligence. Que l'écolier donc bénisse le jour qui le ramène aux joies pures de l'étude; c'est le plus beau temps de sa vie et le plus sûr moyen d'assurer son avenir.

M\*\*

## L'HISTOIRE DU CANADA.

On ouvrira, dit-on, avant longtemps un cours tout-à-fait spécial sur l'histoire du Canada. Il sera couronné à la fin de l'année par une médaille d'or, accordée à celui qui remportera la palme.

Que de raisons pour suivre avec intérêt et plaisir un cours de ce genre!

D'abord raison de patriotisme: tout Canadien Français doit avoir à cœur de connaître d'une manière approfondie l'histoire de la mère patrie. Oui, tout cœur canadien déire instinctivement connaître ce que furent ses ancêtres à leur naissance, quelles vertus s'épanouirent à leur berceau, quelles furent leurs gloires, leurs luttes politiques et religieuses, leurs ennemis et leurs défenseurs.

Quoi! l'on attache de l'importance à l'histoire d'Angleterre, d'Allemagne, d'Italie, etc. et l'on ne jetterait qu'un coup d'œil distrait sur l'histoire, dont la connaissance, non-seulement contribuera à orner notre esprit, mais encore à enflammer notre cœur d'admiration pour les exploits accomplis par nos pères!

Non! loin de nous cette indifférence qui serait in-



digne du nom glorieux que nous légèrent les Jacques Cartier, les Champlain, les Laval et les Montcalm. Soyons dignes de ces héros, en étudiant assidûment les principes dont ils étaient imbus, les actions qui les ont immortalisés. L'histoire du pays enfin, qu'ils fondèrent sur les bords grandioses et enchanteurs du fleuve Saint Laurent.

Une seconde raison, nous encouragera encore à poursuivre cette étude; ce sont les mérites intrinsèques que comporte l'histoire du Canada.

Oh! quels drames nobles et sublimes se déroulent à chacune de ses pages! Que de sources inépuisables d'inspiration pour le philosophe, le romancier et le poète. Non-seulement elle a inspiré ses propres enfants, les Garneau, les Crémazie, les de Gaspé, les Fréchette, mais aussi des auteurs distingués, qui lui étaient tout-à-fait étrangers, tels que Parkman, le célèbre historien américain, Longfellow, le chante immortel d'Évangeline et de la poétique Acadie!

On pourrait ajouter d'autres considérations, mais ces deux courtes remarques sont plus que suffisantes pour démontrer toute l'importance qu'il y a à suivre ce cours d'histoire, et à y apporter une attention qui sera dignement récompensée à la clôture des classes.

L\*\*

## CUEILLETES.

— En classe!

— Calumet nous a envoyé trois élèves MM. Marceau et Mathieu frères.

— Lake Linden, comme de coutume, a fourni un bon contingent. Ce sont MM. P. Bissonnette, Jos. Laplante, J. Robert, Duquette et Plante.

— Le Frère Senécal a remplacé le regretté frère Bernard et le F. A. D. Mainville est devenu assistant procureur.

— Très Rev. P. Lajoie, ex Vicaire de la communauté des Clercs de St. Viateur, a été élu Supérieur général. Félicitations et meilleurs souhaits de la part de ses enfants de Bourbonnais qui ont conservé de lui le meilleur souvenir.

— Henry Darche a épousé Dlle. E. Boisvert. Le Rev. P. Marsile a célébré le mariage.

— P. Letourneau M. D. et ses frères, Arthur et Oswal ainsi que Joseph St. Louis et Geo. Rivard M. D. nous ont fait visite—Tous ces anciens élèves sont bien et prospèrent.

— Joseph Gagnon 83' maintenant résident à Baltimore Md. a passé quelques jours ici pendant la vacance. Le sud semble lui aller on ne peut mieux.

## LA GÉNÉROSITÉ.

G. G. (1871)

Mesdames & Messieurs.

Le créateur en formant le cœur de l'homme y a déposé le germe d'une grande et précieuse qualité; une qualité qui fait naître dans son âme les plus nobles et magnanimes sentiments, qui remplit ses yeux de larmes à la vue des misères de ses semblables, qui fait tomber de ses mains les plus touchants secours, et qui, lorsqu'elle s'élève dans un élan sublime, transforme l'homme en héros et en martyr. L'amertume des sacrifices se change pour elle en douceur ineffable, les épreuves du dévouement en attrait irrésistibles. Cette qualité, que vous possédez à un si haut degré, MM. ne vous est pas inconnue; tout en vous vous dit, vous crie, c'est la générosité, cette fille de la charité, cette fleur incomparable du cœur humain!

La générosité depuis des siècles a accompli des œuvres qui proclament partout son excellence, sa grandeur et sa gloire, mais elle n'a pas toujours fait sentir sur la terre son aimable empire. Il fut un temps où l'égoïsme régnait en maître, foulait aux pieds les aspirations les plus généreuses, tyrannisait l'humanité presque entière: ce temps d'éternelle honte, c'est l'ère néfaste du paganisme.

L'antiquité avait dit: "L'espèce humaine est une proie qui appartient au plus fort;" et elle s'efforça de vérifier cette cruelle parole dans toute son étendue, avec une sauvage barbarie. L'immense esclavage qui pesait sur les pays les plus civilisés et la manière outrageante dont on traitait les esclaves montrent que toute fraternité humaine avait disparu de la terre. Dans Athènes, dans Rome plus des deux tiers des habitants étaient esclaves et employés à exploiter la sensualité de l'autre tiers qui ne cherchait qu'à jouir, qu'à se satisfaire.

Et les débiteurs et les pauvres comment étaient-ils traités? avec un aussi cruel mépris: La loi permettait au créancier de mettre en pièces le corps de son débiteur insolvable. Et les pauvres, aujourd'hui, portion chérie du troupeau du Christ, étaient alors appelés des animaux impurs: on insultait à leur pauvreté, et, pour s'en débarrasser, un empereur en fit charger trois vaisseaux qu'il fit couler en pleine mer. Voilà qu'elle était la société quand le flambeau de la foi brilla sur le monde: exclusion entière de la bienveillance et de la charité, règne trompant de l'individualisme et de



tyrannie! La générosité était bannie de tous les différents rapports sociaux: il n'en existait aucune entre le souverain et le sujet, entre le père et l'enfant, entre le maître et le serviteur, entre le riche et le pauvre.

Mais quand le plus grand acte de générosité qu'aient jamais vu les siècles fut consommé sur le Golgotha, une révolution complète s'opéra dans les idées dans les sentiments. Le Christianisme développa la générosité dans le cœur de l'homme. C'est sous sa vivifiante influence qu'elle s'est épanouie dans toute sa beauté, qu'elle a exhalé dans toute les classes de la société des parfums suaves de douceur et d'amour. Car la mission de l'Eglise, comme celle de son Auguste Fondateur, est de traverser les âges en faisant le bien. Il faut que chacun de ses pas dans son majestueux pèlerinage sur cette terre de douleurs, soit marqué par un bienfait nouveau. Et pourrait-il en être autrement? L'Eglise est née de la charité éternelle de Dieu, et tout ce qu'elle enfante porte le sceau du dévouement et le cachet de la miséricorde! Elle produit des actes généreux et aimables de mille espèces pour le soulagement, le profit et l'avancement de la grande famille humaine, des actes tels que les âmes privées des lumières célestes n'auraient jamais pu concevoir! Y auraient-ils seulement songé, ces êtres infortunés qui n'étaient dirigés que par des motifs égoïstes et personnels?

Ah! quand les yeux se sont détournés d'horreur à la vue du spectacle qu'offrait le colosse païen rongé au cœur par le chancre hideux de l'égoïsme, avec quelles délices ne se reposent-ils pas sur le Christianisme à son aurore! Qu'il est beau alors de voir la religion naissante tendre de toutes ses forces à former le caractère dévoué, courtois et héroïque du Chrétien, à lui inspirer des actions de cette espèce de générosité qui semblent si charmantes, parce qu'elles sont cachées sous le voile pudique de l'humilité; car la foi chrétienne apprend aux hommes la philanthropie et la libéralité, non par ostentation, mais pour l'amour d'un Dieu et par l'idée si belle qu'il vaut mieux donner que recevoir!

Il n'est pas possible, Mesdames et Messieurs, de dérouler à vos regards les merveilles innombrables que la générosité chrétienne a accomplies: c'est une chaîne infinie de bienfaits! Tandis que l'antiquité pendant des milliers d'années n'a pas offert un seul exemple d'une institution de bienfaisance, le Christianisme a élevé partout où il a paru des asiles à tous les maux, à toutes les douleurs! Les orphelins ont trouvé des anges pour les aimer comme auraient fait leurs mères; les vieillards ont vu s'élever le loit où ils rendront en paix le dernier soupir; les pauvres ont reçu le pain de chaque jour; la jeunesse de la classe indigente a puisé gratuitement les lumières à la source des sciences;

les malades ont senti un adoucissement à leurs souffrances; le captif sur la terre étrangère a vu briser ses chaînes; le soldat blessé sur le champ des batailles a cru recevoir en expirant les caresses d'une sœur! Oui, il n'est pas une misère qui n'ait été secourue, pas une plaie qui n'ait été pansée, pas une larme qui n'ait été essuyée! La femme chrétienne a lutté avec l'homme de générosité et d'héroïsme. On a vu des religieux, manquant d'argent pour racheter la liberté des captifs, se faire captifs eux-mêmes! On a vu des religieuses—de faibles femmes—voler sur le champ de bataille, au milieu du feu et de la mitaille, pour prodiguer les soins les plus tendres aux guerriers mourants! Ces hommes et ces femmes que la foi a endus si grands, si sublimes, ne sont-ce pas là des martyrs de la générosité?

De nos jours, Mesdames et Messieurs, nous avons été encore témoins d'un acte d'une philanthropie admirable. Une puissance—il n'y a que quelques instants la première du monde—s'est vue accablée sous le poids du plus inouï et du plus épouvantable revers. Après une lutte désastreuse, mais héroïque, elle est tombée, comme une proie entre les mains d'un ennemi barbare qui a fait couler son sang à flots et l'a voilée de deuil et d'inconsolables tristesses. Mais cette immortelle vaincue dans sa désolation et ses poignantes douleurs a été l'objet des sympathies et des dons fraternels des deux mondes. Tous les pays, toutes les nations ont voulu répandre sur ses blessures le baume adoucissant de la compassion et de la charité.

Mais, Mesdames et Messieurs, pour trouver des exemples de générosité, il n'est pas nécessaire de parcourir tous les pays, tous les siècles: dans ce lieu même, à cette heure même, vous, honorables citoyens de Bourbonnais, n'accomplissez-vous pas un acte tout de bienfaisance? Et puis tout près d'ici, ce temple élevé au Seigneur, ces deux maisons consacrées à l'éducation de la jeunesse, ne sont-ils pas les monuments glorieux de votre munificence et de votre libéralité? Oui! chacune de leurs pierres proclament le nom d'un d'entre vous!

Ah! Mesdames et Messieurs, si ce soir nous vous avons parlé de la générosité, ce n'était pas pour vous la faire connaître, mais c'est que nos cœurs ne pouvaient se taire plus longtemps à la vue de tant d'œuvres d'admirable charité que vous opérez tous les jours; c'est que nos cœurs, tout débordant de gratitude, voulaient s'épancher dans les vôtres si bons, si dévoués.

Aussi, soyez assurés que jamais l'oubli n'effacera de nos jeunes mémoires le touchant souvenir de vos bontés, et que toujours toutes nos voix, n'en faisant qu'une seule, diront: amour, honneur reconnaissance éternelle à nos généreux bienfaiteurs!



Major.

— Adj. Boylan retains his old position and will render service to the Battalion as before.

— There is a large number in the Battalion this year. All the members seem anxious to equal if not to excel the Battalion of last year. Boys you will have to hustle Mr. K.—and Mr. D. will make the long and short of it this year. The former gentlemen is not as tall as the Chapel tower but he *goes way up*.

— The uniforms will be improved this year. A collar will be added to the coat and the stripes will be enlarged. Mr. Rowan promises that the very best material will be used for the suits.

The band will be rigged up in a blue uniform, this year. Consequently members of the band will be excluded from the Battalion. This idea we believe originated with Mr. A. Didier. A good scheme boys try and give us some good music.

## LOCALS.

- O!
- Oh!
- Bog.
- Ajax.
- Congé.
- Annals.
- Shipped.
- Castor O.L.
- Shakespeare.
- Oh, ye gods.
- Lawn Tennis.
- Hellow There.
- Oh, get the step.
- Colonel Sexton.
- "Well not exactly."
- Who is the pitcher?
- He's a wild Irish boy.
- How about the prizes?
- Come again Mr. Wright.
- Did you buy the tickets?
- Tell another anecdote?
- I bet I wear the biggest head.
- Some men receive orders quick.
- Do you know the little German?
- Col. S. is still growing. . . . . thinner.
- Mr. how much are your savage grapes? . . .
- Do you eat sawdust to help you sweep better?
- You hav'ent got the sense that God gave a goose.
- Somebody said he had a dumpling down in Texas.
- When another old student comes G.— will treat him better.

— What became of all those boys who hav'ent benzine for so long a time?

— If Livy could rise from his grave, what would Hugh do.

— What book is this? Ah is that what you come to class for? This is something (Novel)

— The Commander and Alphonse are in training for the race St. Viateur's Day, Catch as Catch can.

— Doc. Sick again, eh?

Boy. Yes doc everything I eat goes right to my stomach.

— A select party of Juniors wished to visit their parents over Sunday but being detained, will be unable to start until Christmas.

— A special number will be published for the sole benefit of the ax handle story.

— Rev. Fr. Erhart accompanied by Mr. Wright of Joliet visited us lately.

— It seems as if to change the collar is to change the man. How about it?

— Mr. B. will teach the art of slinging lightning.

— "Excuse me. I thought this was French class." Thus did Adj. E. walk into philosophy class. And when aware of his mistake, that cut chin dropped a float and his stern military expression transformed into the countenance of a little maid from school.

— The prize offered for the Tennis Tournament is a beautiful Racket.

— Are you going to be a lawyer? No I am studying for the bar.

— You're the man that murderd McGinty was the echo on last weeks ride,

— If the village working men strike for more wages, what aught the boys do.

— During a recent practice for the play one of the characters, was compelled to stop his lines in order to indulge in a hearty laugh much to P's discomfiture, who being the only one not *in it*, was so excited that he did not wait to have the cause explained but burst out with, what in the *Dickens* are you laughing at? This was the cue for a fresh outburst, he still persisted in his demand but being un able to explain the rehearsal was postponed until further notice.

— Our old friend Harry D. of Ken. has been replaced in the chair of elocution by our new friend Harry D. of Ill. who has studied in all the countries of Africa, particularly in the interior, he has a thorough command of all the modern languages and dialects including German—well—in fact we may say it is his hobby, persons wishing to receive lessons from him are invited to call between the hours 3 and 4 A. M. at No. 5 Poope Promenade, on Thursday and Friday. Anzan Honler.



## ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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BY THE STUDENTS.

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	{ Payable in advance.	

For advertising, see last page.

All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

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## EDITORIALS.

THE PLAY selected for St. Viateur's Day is Alonzo Cano, a five act drama translated from the French by Mr. Paul Wilstach. The drama is certainly a good one; none of the original force seem to have been lost. There are thirteen characters, six of which are very strong and allow of great display on the part of the actor. The others are by no means weak. Those taking part in the play have manifested great interest; have shown great willingness and as they are surely capable young men we can see no reason why they should not succeed.

These plays, which are given occasionally by the students, far from being burdensome are on the contrary a great help to them. They are advantageous from a literary stand-point as well as for the elocutionary training they give. To appreciate the benefits which accrue from such practice, it is necessary that each taking part should try to have a perfect knowledge of the role he intends to assume. This is the most essential thing, for it is much easier to adapt ourselves to what we understand, than to that with which we are not familiar. Moreover the students have had many good examples of acting in those who preceded them and they should endeavor to follow as closely as possible examples so worthy of imitation.

LAWN TENNIS is one of the features of the campus. Three sets are in active service and the boys seem to be on the "racket." The boys of this year seem desirous of engaging in all kind of games and they deserve great credit for the intelligence they show in

this respect. With baseball, football, handball, lawn tennis and a good gymnasium, we see no reason why the boys should be unable to amuse themselves and at the same time to grow strong and healthy, well fitted for hard work both as students and as professional men in the future. Keep it up boys and college life will be a pleasure and the remembrance of these pleasant days will give you courage to brave the storms that may at times darken your after life.

## A PROBLEM.

Every age, nation, and individual has his problems. There is ever a contention going on; a reform springing up; or a doubt to be settled. The individual may have health and happiness; or he may be weighed down by sickness and threatened with death, or in some other way feel the hand of sorrow laid upon him. Again he may be agitating his mind with some serious question and hence find himself floating in a sea of doubt and perplexity. As he grows older he feels that there is something of importance necessary to him or something depending on his effort. It is good that such is the case since man could hardly be moved to accomplish great things unless propelled by some great necessity which urges him thereto. This necessity may be absolute if he proposes certain things; as for instance the means to attain his final end; or relative as to lesser goods to be attained, but which from certain circumstances become very important for example to secure a livelihood.

It can hardly be possible that a thinking man could move aimlessly through life without proposing to himself some particular end, some ideal which to him seemed most important and to which he would twin his powers in order to reach the end so proposed.

This is not a question which concerns only men of mature judgment, even the younger portion should have something toward which they ought to move, and which shall receive attention in proportion to its importance. This aim in life is, as a rule either poorly proposed or thoughtlessly neglected by the majority of young men, who are satisfied that after years will of themselves bring about a proper solution of this important question.

But on the other hand there are those to whom



the importance of an aim in life is present, and who dwell on the subject with care and attention, but who, nevertheless, are at a great loss how to act or where to steer their drifting bark and who float along the stream of life anxious to reach a port of safety, but undecided as to where it is to be found.

Thus for these there is a problem which, while it is comparatively trivial to the multitude, is of the greatest importance to the individual who feels that the happiness of a life-time depends on its proper solution.

Students above all others have the best means of weighing well their capacities and judging as to the best means of employing them. Their employments are so diverse that they have full scope for efforts in different branches of study; they have the advantages of association with students of varied tastes and abilities; all ordinary means are at their disposal and should they leave college after several years stay, without having solved the problem of their future, they have certainly made poor use of their time as they have given little evidence of sound judgement. Moreover they have perhaps neglected the best opportunity of their lives to clear up that little mystery which hangs around them, and going forth from college as aimless as they entered it, they have already sown the seeds of an aimless life which will end in obscurity if not in actual destruction of the social and moral man.

It is only when we consider the importance of our future course in life that we shall be led to consider it maturely and that we shall be able to devise means of deciding the question successfully.

There can never be difficulty on our part regarding opportunities for the exercise of our talent. The chances are innumerable for those who are qualified. Yet there is one important consideration to be made and that is that though very talented we are by nature particularly fitted for some one branch of industry, or for a certain profession. We all have our tastes; and judgment and circumstances to some extent must do the rest.

Does it not seem then after a little reflection that we can only be successful when we have some aim in view or when we strive to attain some place in life that which we prefer we seek continually, and consequently we take the means to secure it. Hence our efforts are directed more intelligently; we develop more power by making such continued efforts and

hence many immediate advantages are derived; but above all, the end on which so much depends, is in all probability sure to be attained.

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#### AN ENJOYABLE RIDE.

On Saturday, September 20, the Seniors took an enjoyable drive to the Asylum. We are happy to announce that no one's mind was so badly deranged that he would have to remain there, and, that all returned home safely. It was quite a pleasure trip to the new boys who had never seen the buildings. All were charmed by the beauty, neatness and cleanliness, of the place. It was the first, and promises to be the happiest, pleasure seeking party of this year. Singing was the principal number of the program and the melodious strains more than filled the air. That is right boys—enjoy yourselves.

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#### WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know, as my life grows older,  
And mine eyes have clearer sight,  
That under each rank wrong, somewhere  
There lies the root of right,  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft'ungessed;  
But as sure as the sun brings morning  
Whatever is, is best,

I know that each sinful action  
As sure as the night brings shade,  
Is sometime, somewhere, punished  
Tho' the hour be long delayed,  
I know that the soul is aided  
Sometimes by the hearts unrest,  
And to grow means often to suffer;  
Whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors  
In the great Eternal plan,  
And all things work together  
For the final good of man.  
And I know when my soul speeds onward  
In the grand Eternal quest,  
I shall say as I look earthward,  
Whatever is, is best.

F.



## SPORTING NEWS.

The tide of sporting news is beginning to roll in and though small, it is nevertheless interesting. The pleasure clubs and associations have been formed for some time and we may say the sporting season of 1890 is nearly at its best. It opened with the formation of several lawn tennis clubs and a base ball league in both of which the boys are greatly interested.

So far the base ball games have been very close and exciting. Many new players have been added to the list and they have proved to be excellent ball players. The students played the professors two very hard games of ball within the last week. The students were the victors in both games. Scores for both games are as follows—3 to 2 and 4 to 3 respectively. Batteries, McCann and Houde for the students; Dandurand and Condon for the Profs. Seventeen of the Profs. were struck out in the first game. Mr. McDevitt's playing was the features of the first game; he making an excellent running one hand catch.

Last Tuesday the Alerts of Kankakee came here with the intention of sweeping the earth with the Eagles. The Game was called at 2.30 with the Alerts at the bat. They bunched a few scattering hits, and with the help of a few errors and a wild throw, were given three runs in the first inning. For the next eight innings they were unable to find the ball, and by a second error they secured another run in the seventh. In the last eight innings the Alerts were unable to secure more than four hits off McCann's delivery. The Eagles were asleep for the first four innings and could not hit the ball, but in the fifth they unmercifully pounded Calkins curves for nine runs. They made one in the last three innings. The Eagles were all below nineteen years old, while those of the Alerts were from nineteen to twenty five. The game was very interesting up to the fifth, but after that the Eagles had everything their own way. The score: Eagles 17; Alerts 4.—Batteries McCann and Condon for the E. and Calkin and Brown for the A.—Base hits E. 14; A., 7.—struck out by McCann 14; by Calkin 10.—Wild pitch Calkin 2.—Bass on balls by McCann 3 by Calkin 5.—Hit by pitched ball, McCann 2.—Passed Balls —Brown 1. Notes of the game;

Moody cannot be surpassed at second base. He is a regular stone wall.

Carlton is playing his old time game as shortstop.

McCarthy played an errorless at first base, and made many put outs and assists,

Norton also distinguished himself at third base.

Houde was one of the sluggers who made the ball go south very often.

The Battery work for the Eagles was excellent.

Brown, of the Alerts is a very fine catcher, and a hard working ball player, but he had no assistance from his team.

*Peniz.*

## ROY MEMORIAL NOTES.

We acknowledge with many thanks the following donations to the Roy Memorial Chapel:

Rev. J. B. Bernard	- - - -	\$400.00
Rev. J. E. Martel	- - - -	" 50.00
Rev. A. Martel	- - - -	" 50.00
Rev. C. P. Foster	- - - -	" 25.00
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Mr. Chas. Many	- - - -	" 5.00
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A beautiful Sanctuary lamp presented by Dr. E. D. Bergeron, valued at \$25.00

## ROLL OF HONOR.

## CLASSICAL COURSE.

Excellence Gold Medal Equally deserved by Joseph Laplante, C. Brady and James Doheney;

Medal for Merit equally deserved by D. Granger, J. Carlon, H. Durkin, J. Concannon, M. Lennartz, F. Piernat, J. Heberer, and T. Sullivan.

Distinguished—F. Moody, J. Cleary, J. Nawn, F. Richard, A. Boylan, M. O'Loughlin, J. Lenert, C. McCabe, A. Lesage, L. Lesage, A. Rivard, Arthur Cyrier, M. Ryan, Frank O'Reilly, J. Condon and P. Dandurand.



## COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal for Excellence awarded to Bernard O'Connor.

Medal for Merit equally deserved by J. Paquet, Adelard Brosseau, J. Mathieu Jr. and Barry.

Distinguished—P. Houser, J. Durand, H. Criuel, J. Goode, D. Desberger, F. Fitzgerald, M. Kreuser, C. Charbonneau, G. Rivard, M. O'Connor, C. Duquette, G. Mallory, J. Stout, R. Kinzie.

Guilfoyle Composition Medal awarded to H. Concannon.

Medal for merit among the Minims awarded to Gerald Barry.

Distinguished—G. Blade, B. Elwes.

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for Conduct and politeness equally deserved by Art. Besse, J. Betsner, T. Bowman, P. Dandurand, D. Desberger, E. Durand, H. Durkin, H. Frazer, A. Freeland, A. Grandpre, W. Granger, F. Greene, F. Kreuser, J. Lenert, C. McCabe, M. Maher, G. Meehan, J. Nawn, L. Oddur, A. O'Loughlin, D. O'Neill, C. O'Reilly, C. Roy, D. Walsh, E. Webb, Drawn by M. Maher,

Distinguished—C. Brady, W. Caron, G. Clancy, J. Cleary, W. Clune, H. Concannon, E. Childress, F. Dandurand, F. Fitzgerald, G. Fortin, M. Fortin, D. Granger, L. Legris, A. Lesage, M. Lennartz, F. Moody, J. Mathien, J. Quinn, M. Ryan, and D. Sullivan.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for Conduct and Politeness equally deserved by L. Eberle, A. Granger, J. Heberer, J. Lamarre, J. O'Reilly, T. Pelletier, H. Ruell.

Drawn by A. Granger.

Distinguished—J. Betsner, M. Corcoran, P. Daniher, J. Doheny, J. Hayden, E. Huber, W. Larkin, L. Lesage, F. Pirnat, Fred. Richard, Fortin Richard, D. Shea.

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 IN MEMORIAM  
 THOS. COLFER.
 

---

The sun rose clear in a sky of azure blue, and all nature smiled joyously on a scene of autumnal beauty Wednesday morning, and though the day was all that could be wished in climatic loveliness, it was indeed one of

the saddest in the history of McCook, for the news had passed from mouth to mouth, that Tom Colfer was dead! Though he had been suffering for the past eighteen months from a cripple ankle, and general poor health, his illness was not considered dangerous, even by members of his family. One year ago, last May, Mr. Colfer received a serious sprain in his left ankle, in alighting from the family carriage, and this, it seems, has been the principle source of his subsequent ill health.

Thomas Colfer was born at Milan, Dutchess county N. Y., on the 27th day of February, 1853. When three years of age, his parents removed to Galva, Ills., where they resided nine years. From there, they removed to Stark county, Ills., and the young man was sent to a Brothers school at LaSalle. In 1868, the family removed to a farm near Fairbury, in Livingston county, Ills. and Thomas attended and graduated at St. Viateur's College located at Kankakee, Ills. After this he spent a few years teaching school, and subsequently entered the law office of Strawn & Patton, at Pontiac, Ills., and and was admitted to practice in the Supreme court at Ottawa, Ills., two years later. He practiced law in Pontiac, a year or two, and finally entered the service of the Burlington R. R., as an immigration agent. In this capacity, he came to Nebraska with numerous excursion parties, and was himself so charmed with the country that he determined to settle in the west. In July, 1884, he located in McCook, and began the practice of his profession. He represented the Lincoln Land company, for whom he has sold a great deal of city property. His law practice became a lucrative one, and though free hearted and generous, he leaves his family in comfortable circumstances.

The almost endless funeral cortege that followed the remains to the cemetery, bore indeed a sorrowing multitude, whose eyes were moist with tears when the casket was lowered by tender and loving hands, in the narrow grave. His funeral was without exception, the largest ever witnessed in McCook. May his soul rest peacefully forever.

*McCook Democrat.*

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 POWER  
 ITS DEVELOPMENT AND USE.
 

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What a world of meaning in the word. Visions of the elements in commotion rise before us; we see the fathomless ocean burst its bonds and in fury lash the earth; or we listen to the roaring thunder and quail before its might. We picture to ourselves the hurricane tearing from its roots the oak of ages, sweeping, over



the earth and spreading desolation and death on all sides.

But power is of other kinds besides the merely physical. We might acquire great renown had we the physical strength of a Hercules, or of a Samson.

But while men admire the physical for a time they soon grew tired because such display is necessarily of a lower order than other works of which men are capable they soon forget feats of bodily strength to look with real pleasure on other deeds which require strength of another kind.

There is mental power, grand in itself, grand in its achievements. Who shall please us as those who have produced from gigantic minds works such as the *Aeneid*, *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, *Macbeth*, *Ottello*? What force equals that of a Demosthenes or an O'Connell, a Webster? Efforts of men bodily force cannot move them as the power of minds displayed by a Plato, a St. Augustine, a St. Thomas. See the effects produced by lesser lights. How has man been recalled from Barbarism and paganism if not by the power of mind over matter.

Behold when men are converted to Christianity a Raphael appears to make ideas live on canvas as others had made them live in books. Mental force speaks from Michael Angelo's marble, and in a million ways the mind leads in onward march which physical moves in fits and starts.

Power may display itself in the moral man and then we have an Abraham lending an only son to sacrifice, or a Job who sees, friends and wealth and happiness depart from him and who does not cease to praise an all-wise Creator. We see millions of martyrs display the moral power and we count them greater victors than an Alexander or a Cæsar.

Now though man on the mention of power or force instructively thinks of physical exertion whether in nature, or in those of his kind, yet how far inferior, considered in itself, is physical force when compared with either the mental or the moral.

Man is made up of these three kinds of power: physical, mental and moral. But although they have been given with his life yet their cultivation and development depends on himself and either or all can be prominent or one or the other can excel just as he may desire.

All the powers are good and necessary. They in combination when properly developed make a perfect man, and the loss of one effects in some way the work of the others proper education looks to the strengthening and perfecting of these powers and young men should see to it that they so work during College days that they may strengthen their various powers and attain that true manhood which is the embodiment of that trinity.

## ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

St. Viateur's Day will soon be here with all its interest, pleasure, and glory to the boys. It is even now the common topic of conversation. We look for it as we would long for a little Christmas—if I may apply the term. For then we may indeed greet kind parents, salute familiar friends, and recognize old faces. Moreover, it is the initial day of the catalogue of holidays (which is saying a great deal) and this is no doubt, one of the chief reasons of its great welcome. Men and especially young men, though inspired at times with ambition, often give way to their inclinations, and indolence, being one of the most ruinous imperfections of their nature, too soon gains control over them. Students of St. Viateur's however seem to know this and to have a special guard against it, hence the pleasure they anticipate in a coming holiday for only they that merit rewards are happiest in them.

The games will be the same as in former years—except on a higher scale. The principal features of the program will be the lawn tennis and hand-ball contests and the half-mile foot race. A play will be presented in the evening which with the interest which is taken in it and this year's powerful talent promises to be a grand success. The number of contestants for the games is daily increasing and the prizes themselves are of no little value. Both the parents and friends of the students at the college are cordially invited to be present at the exercise. The boys will welcome every one.

## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

*Knowledge* is a small weekly magazine issued by J. B. Alden. It contains a great deal of useful information while the price is such as to put it within the reach of every one. \$1.00 per year. J. B. Alden 393 Pearl St. N. Y.

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## OUR SOCIETIES

Though only a few of the societies of 1890 have so far been organized, yet the boys are taking a marked interest in them all. The literary societies will not organize until after St. Viateur's Day—when the pleasure clubs will have had their best day. The musical this year, will surely have their deal. The Band, St. Cecilia's Singing Society and Orchestra—all three are making rapid strides towards the front.

\* \*

The Band organized on September 15 and now sweet strains of music may be heard floating on the breeze in the campus. It is led by Mr. F. J. Dandurand whose abilities in this line, we all know—are not common. His determination to make the band this year superior to former years and the excellent discipline which he keeps, assures us that success will crown his efforts. Good taste has indeed been used in the choice of the suits—for beauty and neatness they cannot be excelled. We should all be proud of our college band and we can look, this year especially, to see it the representative musical talent of St. Viateur's.

Mr. A. F. Didier is the honored President, while Mr. G. Fortin acts as Treasurer, and Mr. A. Lesage, Secretary. The Band numbers eighteen members: F. J. Dandurand, A. Granger, T. Legris, A. Grandpré, G. Roy, J. Mathieu, G. Gravelin, A. Lesage, A. Besse, H. O'Donnell, C. Roy, P. Dandurand, A. Brosseau, G. Fortin, A. Didier, P. Savoie, L. Soulignie, and Masters Ruel, and Richard.

\* \*

St. Cecilia's Singing Society was organized last week. This body of musicians will furnish music for the Chapel—a new Mass every second Sunday—and will also conduct the exercises on St. Cecilia's Day. It numbers about sixty voices and the talent is in perfect harmony with the beauty and grandeur of our chapel. The society is under the direction of Prof. E. Bourget. Mr. Andregg was unanimously chosen President, Rev. E. L. Rivard, Vice-President, Bro. Dionne, Secretary, A. F. Didier, Treasurer and F. J. Dandurand, Serg't. at Arms. We all tender it our best wishes and hopes of success.

\* \*

The Orchestra gave its initial programme September 18th. No one dares deny the excellence of last year's orchestra and yet we are all certain that the orchestra

of 1890 will out—do all former years, still keeping its place—the flower of our musicians. In fact, we have better talent this year and the boys seem to take a renewed interest in the work. Push on boys we will give you what you deserve. The officers of the association are: Prof. E. Bourget, Leader; Mr. Andregg, President, F. Dandurand, Secretary; Prof. G. Martineau, Treasurer; J. Cleary, Serg't. at Arms; and G. Carlon, Ass't. Serg't. at Arms.

\* \*

The Ryan Tennis-Club has been flourishing now for some time. The court is fixed in an artistic manner and the happy players seem never tired of their game—but the chilly weather is beginning to restrain their willingness to play. The officers are: Mr. Jas. Condon, President, Mr. G. McCann, Secretary; and Mr. F. Moody, Treasurer.

\* \*

The Croquet club under the guardianship of Mr. T. Lynch is now enjoying its best day. We find its members daily, deep in the pleasures of that game—so much so that they do not even stop to witness some of the exciting baseball games over on the diamond. Nature will have its course and we are sorry when we know that the interested players will soon have to lay aside the mallet.

\* \*

The Pickwick club is the organized body of smokers of the College. One of the requirements of the Club is that each member have a written permission from his parents and the director of the college. That the boys enjoy themselves is quite evident from the happy faces that after dinner congregate under the shade—an expression of contentment beaming from a face wreathed in smiles. The officers are: Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V. Moderator; A. F. Didier, President; Jas. Condon, Vice-President, P. Bissonnette, Secretary; and G. McCann, Treasurer.

\* \*

The Slocum Juniors Tennis Club perped into existence some two weeks ago and is now in the height of prosperity. The boys are all in love—with the flirting ball and racket. The Court is in the north-west corner of the campus and looks quite enticing. A contest among these boys will be one of the numbers of the St. Viateur's Day program. Practice up boys—a beautiful racket will be prize of the best player. Master Joe Carlon, an President; M. Concanan, Treasurer; and H. Duffy are the chosen officers.



## PERSONALS.

BYRNE.—Lieut. John Byrne of the Chicago City Police, called down last week to see his son Thomas.

\* \*

GALLET.—Mr. Jos. Gallet '89 is situated at Tonno Nevada, where he is engaged as Telegraph operator for the Southern Pacific Co. Joe would be glad to hear from his old friends.

\* \*

HALTON.—Mr. P. J. Halton of Chicago made us a pleasant call last Tuesday and spent the day with his son James.

\* \*

KNISELY.—Mr. Chas. Knisely '89 is winning laurels for himself by his superiority as a bicyclist. Charles won a hard race last year at Pullman and has lately taken some fine prizes at Peoria. Success old friend!—

\* \*

ROWAN.—Mr. Thos. Rowan of Work Bros. and Co. Chicago, came down on the 14th. inst. to measure the members of the Battalion for new uniforms. He was accompanied by Mr. Ryan of the same firm. They secured a large number of orders.

WALSH.—Rev. John F. Walsh of Wilmington Ill. Called on his brother last Thursday. Father Walsh did not have much time to spend with us but promised to call St. Viator's Day.

\* \*

LETELLIER.—Rev. F. Letellier of Menominee, Michigan. Stopped a few hours with us last Wednesday. He left here for Manteno, from which place he goes to Chicago. Fr. Letellier, is a great friend of the College and we assure him a hearty welcome whenever he comes.

\* \*

LAPARADIS.—Rev. F. LaParadis, D. D. of Coal City Ill. was one of welcome visitors at the College last week.

\* \*

LEROUX.—Benjamin LeRoux '90 is now studying in Paris France. Ben. has high notions and with his desire to please as well as his general accomplishments. We may expect a champion in Ben. when he returns to America. *Bon Success!*

\* \*

WRIGHT.—Brother Cregan received a pleasant call lately, from Mr. Adam Wright, of Joliet Ill. Mr. Wright intends to enter college soon, but weak eyes will prevent his coming for sometime. We hope this gentleman will soon recover his eyesight.

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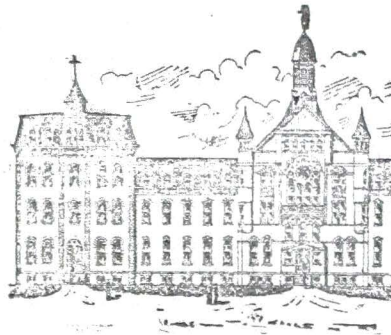
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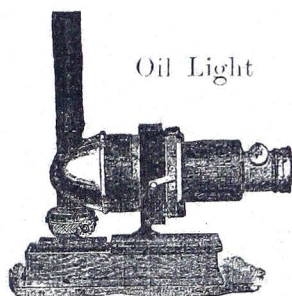
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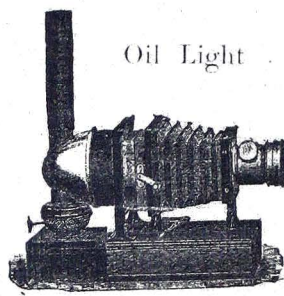
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